

JASON'S RELATIVE DIMENSIONS IN SPACE.....BY Jason Welch

When the wind blew outside, the dim light bulb flickered and Cold air sneaked around the rotting window frame. He would be out of this in his squalid bedsit soon enough; JASON knew that, He was going to the stars, visit planets, right wrongs and fight monsters. A space-age superhero .

On his desk was a manual typewriter. He stared at the four words he had written. *Once upon a time* He stared at the battered manual typewriter hoping it would complete the tale of its own volition.

Finally, frustrated, he ripped the paper from its roller, crushed it into a ball and hurled it savagely across the room. It bounced and came to rest on the thread-bare carpet amidst a veritable sea of its predecessors.

With increasing urgency, he wound a fresh sheet into position and stabbed at a few letters tentatively.

This time, he was pleased with the result. He began to allow himself hope — and as the work progressed, his two-finger typing became faster and more frenzied. It was as though the energy was guiding him, onto the paper.

He kept his eyes on the unfolding text as a raucous trumpeting sound struck up.

As it grew in volume he turned from his workstation and rose from a chrome and wicker chair to see a shape shimmer into existence on his FLUR DE LIS persian rug .A blue box six feet high, with a door on the front and an inscription above it. *Police Public Call Box* .

He smiled as the door opened and a good-humoured, almost impish, face peered through the orifice.

‘And where might the TARDIS have brought me this time?’

A Scottish burr coloured the words which rolled from the stranger's tongue. His eyes gleamed blue — or was that green?

The man emerged from the box fully, and JASON inspected his attire curiously.....
[Baggy, checked trousers, paisley scarf, cream jacket question-mark mustard yellow patterned pullover]

'Earth. 2001'replied JASON .

'Any monsters here? Any rogue androids, despicable villains, megalomaniacs attempting to take over the universe?'

'Any heartless despots attempting to deprive the world of tea and biscuits?'

JASON,,,,,There's....some ISRAILIES, and RUSSIANS.

'No danger and excitement, then? No nefarious wrongdoings to warrant my attention?' You've some SLAVIANS to ANGLIFY.

SILURIANS and SEDEVILS?

JASON Yugoslavians, you silly man.

'Then we shall have to find somewhere that does have ALIENS .?'

JASON All life on earth needs to speak English even livestock.

The stranger smiled and beckoned the young man into his craft. The door closed softly behind them and the noise of trumpets bellowed out again as the unearthly container shimmered from view with a gust of wind from the broken sash window.

In the seconds which immediately followed its departure, someone banged on the dividing wall and yelled for silence; the bulb blinked out and plunged the room into darkness; and the typewriter chattered, playing out a staccato rhythm of its own. *JASON and the stranger left , to begin a new life .filled with adventure .*

Almost as an afterthought, it wrote: *And his emosions*

committee in EASTBOURNE, and his family all lived happily ever after.

DDR WHO'S TARDIS was traveling through the time vortex while JASON searched the comics section in the TARDIS library .A visitor touched his leg ,a tabby tom-cat named POWERPUSS sporting a flowing blue cape.

JASON Time for tea and biscuits
POWERPUSS?

‘Is this all you expected?’ the cat asked.

JASON Doctor Who-ever-He-Is told me that TARDIS is — Dimensionally transcendental. His attention was taken by a row of books behind him. Pulp crime fiction from the United States, early twentieth century.

‘You see? There’s always a bright side.

It was almost, he thought, as if TARDIS anticipated his tastes and placed the novels in reach.

‘You remember how he caught his arch-enemy this morning?’

‘You’ve told me,’ says POWERPUSS. ‘An evil megalomaniac,,

POWERPUSS TEA & BISCUITS .

JASON put the book back, deciding he liked the televised version better.

If you can put that kid from Mad magazine on the labels of all global chemicals products in all grocery stores then PETER ELGIN will help you
POWERPUSS .

The TARDIS had materialized by the lake in St James’s Park, and its occupants stepped across a loose gravel path and up stone steps to PALL MALL .

Dr Who strolled, hands behind his back, enjoying the faint breeze while Chris lagged behind and watched his two allies carefully.

CHRIS ‘Why are we in England?’ . ‘Surely America is a far more evil place? Or Russia?’

‘One step at a time, my boy,’ the older man said, with the air of a kindly tutor. ‘This world’s system of national boundaries is like none I’ve encountered elsewhere.’

DR WHO I enjoy pitting country against country and watching them fight for religion or territory or simply to profit from each other’s misfortunes. We have more than a world’s fair share of wicked rulers to depose before Earth can finally know peace. We may as well start with those whose misdeeds we are most familiar with.’

‘Where are we going?’

Dr Who twirled his umbrella, pointing, ‘There!’

Chris strained to see past black lions to NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY .

Dr Who gripped the railings of Buckingham Palace’s east gate and called to the yeomen of the guard, immobile and impassive in their positions. ‘You heard me, I wish to speak to the Queen!’ Chris hovered uneasily, a few feet away. A scattering of tourists remained from the changing of the guard and he felt the unwelcome attention of sensation-seeking eyes from around the Victoria Memorial. A policeman pushed across the plaza and Chris pointed this out to

JASON . ‘Shouldn’t you tell him to stop?’ JASON shook his head.

‘If she won’t see me,’ Dr Who shouted, ‘I shall assume that she’s complicit with the injustices of this country’s governmental system. I will contact the underground movement, lead it against her and install a more suitable monarch in her place.’

The constable tapped his shoulder and the crowd closed in with gleeful anticipation. ‘Might I ask what you’re trying to do, sir?’ he enquired with strained politeness.

Dr Who greeted him enthusiastically. ‘Ah, officer, you might be able to help me. I wish to give your

Queen a dressing-down, sort her out on one or two small points. But those . . . those red-frocted puppets —' He indicated the implacable guardsmen with an angry sweep of his arm. are conspiring to be wilfully obstructive!

'Indeed, sir.'

'Dumb insolence, that's what it is.'

'Perhaps,' the policeman said, so polite now as to be positively sarcastic, 'Her Majesty does not wish to entertain visitors?'

'Then she should come out and tell me herself!'

The policeman shook his head wearily. 'If you have something to say to the Queen, I suggest you write her a letter. In the meantime, please keep the gates clear. These people don't want an anti-royalist weirdo staring out of their souvenir photographs and I'd hate to clutter up police cells by arresting you for loitering.' He pivoted and marched off, leaving Dr Who to stare, bewildered, after him. Some tourists left. Most lingered to see if this demented man would do something else strange. They weren't disappointed.

'What are you doing?' squeaked JASON , as Dr Who took hold of the railings again and hauled himself upwards.

'Getting myself arrested. It's the best way to contact rebel groups.' The gates were almost twenty feet high, but plenty of footholds allowed him to scale them in seconds. He clambered over the ornamental fleurs-de-lis gates and yelled: 'Hey, officer, come and look what I've done!' 'But there are beefeaters on the door,' protested JASON .

'I think they might,' offered Chris, 'if you try waltzing in.'

Before he could speak, Dr Who was forcefully wrestled to the ground.

A Panda car drives along the Thames and stops at a security gate where PC PRESCOTT keys in his kellogg's serial number
KELOGGS FROSTIES THERE GREAT.

The corrugated iron gate opens and WPS CUMMINGS puts the panda car in gear and drives down a ramp to the underground car park past mobility scooters and unicycles near the tradesman's entrance to stop near security doors .

Chris and Dr Who are marched briskly into the police station to a desk sergeant who books them in and then along a grey laminated hallway with cells either side, where WPC CUMMINGS deposits belongings in a locker and PRESCOTT opens a cell door for them . Who walks over to the straw mattress above the high barred window? And buries his face in his hands.

WHO This could be the worst day of my life.

CHRIS Well thank you very much doctor now how are we going to start people's Revolution.

WHO Have faith Chris even now our Jason is canvassing for new recruits at speakers corner.

Chief superintendent Finch of Scotland yard starts his day with a tea and granola bar then drives to New Scotland yard on the banks of the Thames, walking through a charcoal grey tiled reception to his ground floor office. He scans the day's arrests on a monitor and uses an INTERCOM on a pine desk to call PC MONTROYA.

MONTROYA promptly arrives with a cup of earl grey and a cinnamon bagel .

FINCH This petty scally wag is carrying advanced technology. We don't have enough evidence to hold him?

MONTROYA That's right chief I've checked he does not have any ID though he's clearly an English chap. We caught him climbing railings at Buckingham palace , and charged him with a breach of the peace ,

FINCH Release him , and put WEST and JOHNSON tailing him .

ELSWARE..... WPC CUMMINGS escorts DR WHO and CHRISTOPHER LILLICRAP along a grey laminated corridor to the security desk where there given of a verbal caution , then out through reception joining citizens engaging their daily activity into the morning sunshine.

They walk along the Thames and find Jason sitting near the band stand at parliament Square next to David Lloyd George next to a statue of Winston Churchill .

DR WHO Have you managed to recruit more people for our people's uprising?

JASON Sorry doctor I've just been looking at the totti .

'Cruncher' Simpson didn't think of himself as someone who could alter history. Faces, yes but history, no. But he was looking at twenty years this time, so with nothing to lose, he might as well throw in with anyone who could make things difficult for the pigs. Just for a laugh.

'Right lads,' Dr Who said. 'Now we're out of that depressing prison, let's make plans for our glorious take-over.'

Cruncher clapped a hand on his shoulder. It was meant to be supportive, but it almost drove the flustered little man through the pavement. 'I'll be there, Doc!'

Dr Who smiled weakly, hiding his upset. 'I know, Cruncher. Thank you.' Cruncher shrugged and, unperturbed, headed for the nearest pub. He whistled airily.

DR WHO let's split up and meet at
BUCKINGHAM PALACE .

SOON AFTER.....Christopher Lillicrap was trying to hold both in abeyance whilst biting into an undercooked hamburger from a roadside stall and trying to detect any taste of ham.

Lawrence Murdock knew nothing of time travel, but a documentary on TV, explained the flapping of a butterfly's wings could cause hurricanes, although he didn't really understand how.

MURDOCK thought he had a better way of saving humanity. He stood in Trafalgar Square, shouting to the public in hope of their buying his newspaper and thus be converted. When two blond men in their early twenties approached, MURDOCK saw them as a chance to double his day's takings.

One of the men extended a hand and MURDOCK took it warily.

CHRIS LILLICRAP Why you selling those?'

MURDOCK looked at his newspapers, the headline SMASH THE STATE emblazoned across each of them. He turned back to JASON ,with a fanatical look in his eyes.'I believe in what they say, the Marxist critique of contemporary society, abolition of class boundaries .'Fab!' JASON said, clapping his hands enthusiastically. 'A friend of mine is planning a revolution today. Want to come?'

MURDOCK regarded him suspiciously. 'You running a poster campaign?'

No we're raising a rebel army to take over the country.

MURDOCK turned to the other man for some clue; 'Don't be stupid!' he said then walked off as fast as he could manage without running.

'You don't understand,' JASON called after him, 'We're making history!'

JASON raced up the steps from the subway toilets, shaking. 'What happened?' Chris asked. 'You weren't trying to recruit down there?'

JASON He clutched Chris's arm and hurried him away,

Chris changed the subject. 'Where are we going?'

JASON looked at his watch. 'Back to the Palace. We have a rendezvous with Dr Who at three o'clock.'

CHRIS. 'Is this the 'ole rebel army then?'

'Size isn't important,,' Dr Who said, fairly dwarfed between his comrades-in-arms. He beckoned to JASON . 'I've brought out the battletank.'

'Oh, goody.' JASON brightened as he was led around the monument. He enjoyed watching Chris's eyes widen at the sight of the bulky metal dreadnought behind it, resplendent in canary yellow. A few onlookers had been attracted by the vehicle's incongruity, and one boy was bold enough to have climbed up onto its caterpillar tracks.

'That's a weapon an' 'alf and no mistake, guv'nor,' commented Jessie.

'I left it here so the Queen wouldn't spot it if she looked out of her window,' Dr Who said. 'What do you think, Cruncher?'

Cruncher grinned and smacked a fist into one palm.

'Hey Mister,' shouted the teenager on the tracks, 'is this your tank or what?'

'It certainly is, young fellow.' 'Are you making a film?'

'No. I intend to smash my way into Buckingham Palace.' 'Top! Can me and me mate hitch a ride?'

'The more, the merrier.'

The youth pulled open the tank's lid and ushered a similarly keen friend into its spacious interior.

'What, getting cold feet?' sneered JASON . 'Becoming a cowardly custard?'

'Look, I agree that this place isn't perfect. But Queen Elizabeth II is a respected historical figure where I come from. You can't just barge in there and . . . and beat her up!'

Chris indicated his unlikely army. 'You've spent three hours assembling this lot!'

JASON laughed heartily. After all, he still had six freedom fighters, including the kids. And there was only one Queen. He'd have this country sorted out by tea-time.

JASON hauled himself into the cockpit. He failed to register that he'd stepped on a butterfly. It crumbled to powder.

Dr Who helps JASON into the cockpit of his army tank ,and clambers into the driving seat, then starts the engine.....Chris stands behind and aligns the tank.As who?Lines it up with the gates of the palace.He then thrust forward.And crashes through the gates.Immediately.Run towards it.And who maneuvers the tank?Towards the main entrance.Stone Archway.And across the marble floor. jJASON opens the top hatch and clambers down as security guards in pin striped suits and mustard waist

coats catch them .

DR WHO lets off a gas bomb and runs up a wide marble stairs and into a conference room pursued by BEEFEATERS past portraits in genuine oils they jump onto a dining table as beefeaters run alongside stabbing them with long spears and jump into the west wing clattering down towards a fire exit .

DR WHO hold tight JASON .

He takes out a whistle from his breast pocket and blows as JASON kicks open the door ,and they jump into the TARDIS.....

JASON punched the TARDIS console. 'It's not fair!' he said for the fourth time. Why wouldn't people join our rebels?

Dr Who put an arm around his shoulders. 'Not to worry, lad. I promise you, this isn't over yet.'

'But what can we do? The Queen's henchmen are everywhere .

Dr Who smiled. 'Trust me.' He approached the wall and pulled open a roundel, revealing a storage cupboard in which he rummaged.

'What about Chris?' JASON asked. 'He was coming after us as we went into the Queen's house.

'We'll come back for him,'

Dr Who activates a monitor that descends from the vaulted ceiling .

Today marks the Royal opening of the Sheffield tram.And Her Majesty is expected.In one hour.

WHO walks from the waist high hexagonal console and opens a pine bureau, retrieving the biggest laser blaster JASON had ever seen:

WHO 'I'm afraid there's only one way left to deal with this country's despotic dictator.' He brandished the weapon.

Back at the palace.Chris had decided.To leave the scene.As Beefeaters.Mingled with security.Near the front railings.And phones his brother.Andrew Stirling

in Felixstowe.

PC West and Johnson are taking statements from the Beefeaters. Who chased? The two criminals out of the palace.

Johnson's walkie-talkie is really a director Scotland Yard where Chief Superintendent Finch. Responds on the intercom.

He activates a monitor which descends in front of a Forest Green velvet curtain. Of the London weekend television news.

Tracking a couple of maniacs here. One hour to get to Sheffield. You and Wes stay there and you'll be picked up. By an Army unit in the form of. Major Barclay, Sergeant Palmer and Corporal Green.

From Zebra Squirrels HQ in Battersea Power Station. Sergeant Palmer climbs into the driver's seat of his Army Jeep. With Major Barclay in the front passenger seat and Corporal Green. In the back of the open top Jeep.

PC McCracken was tired and bored.

This is the modern-day police for you, he thought. Dragged out of bed at the crack of dawn, because SUPERINTENDANT FINCH belived it was somehow better for the West Yorkshire constabulary to call on Glasgow than to ship reinforcements across the Pennines.

He stood with his back to the glass facade of the Ponds Forge International Sports Centre, baking in his flak jacket in the mid-afternoon sun. Although the Queen would only be briefly visible here, an impressive crowd had gathered. McCracken's job was to keep them off the paved forecourt, out of harm's way.

The crowd waved Union flags and eagerly awaited a glimpse of their monarch as she emerged from her tour of the refurbished complex.

McCracken-shifted-uncomfortably-from-foot-to-foot-

wishing-SUPERINTENDENT-FINCH hadn't given him this assignment .

What was he doing here anyway? 'It's not as if anyone's going to shoot the Queen, is it?' he grumbled.

Zebra Squad park at the front entrance to the Tran station.Jumps down from the cab.As Palmer and Bartlett clamber out.And walk through the ticket office.Join the spectators.

Dr Who and JASON step across the track and joined the throng.

'Are you sure we're doing the right thing?' JASON asked.

'We've tried all else,' said Dr Who, reasonably. 'We must sort this world out somehow.'

'But there are so many people here.'

'That's all the better. When the deed is done, we can pass unnoticed amongst them.'

'What if they . . . you know, try and stop us?'

'They'll be too panicked. Now, what do you think of this spot?'

JASON pushed his way rudely between two people, leaned over the parapet and inspected the train station from the visitors galley. 'Not such a great angle, is it?'

'I'm a good shot.'

'What about up there?' Behind them, the bulk of the spectators had gathered affording the best view of the platform oppersite.

'We'd have to get to the front. We'd be trapped there, and we might have to run.'

'Why don't we wait at the town hall for her speech later on?'

Queen Elizabeth emerged from the stairs, fighting a strong gale in her powder blue skirt and blouse with matching hat and pearl necklace.

The crowd erupted into cheers and flag-waving, and appreciative noises as HER MAJESTY treated them to a gracious smile and a wave of her hand. She took what seemed like minutes to traverse the platform, each pace measured. JASON turned to his companion, but there was consternation on Dr Who's face. 'I can't get a clear shot!'

The crowd had surged forward and were leaning over the parapet, some dangerously so, to prolong their view of their beloved monarch. Their heads bobbed into the line of fire, rippling flags obscuring his sight of the Queen. She was beside the mayor, who gave her some scissors to cut a ribbon.

DR WHO 'The blaster . . . if I lock the sights on, the bolts will find her whatever's in the way.'

He reached into his jacket, whipped out the extravagant weapon, leaned back over the railings and fired. Two yellow fireballs streaked from Dr Who's blaster. They swerved upwards, avoiding the intrusive heads, and paused in mid-flight to reorient themselves, and targeted upon their prey.

Horror rippled as the fireballs blazed a trail and swooped towards their target. The Queen began to turn, alarmed, and took the full force of the fireballs directly in the chest.

A horrific explosion of blood blossomed from the monarch, splattering against her bodyguards, blinding them. HER MAJESTY fell and PC Macracken called it in on his walkie-talkie.

Dr Who let the gun drop off the edge of the walkway, took JASON's hand and ran through the ticket office towards the clock tower on the other side of the street on a platform overlooking a town square.

PC Johnson and West. Give chase. Across the street. Follow by Zebra squad. With Corporal Green. Panting over the road. Just as who blows his whistle. And the tar disappears next to the clock

tower. He opens the door as Johnson and West dive in after. Followed by a trumpeting bellow. As the TARDIS shimmers out of existence.

Johnson claps a hand. On the figure hunched over the controls of the Wild West. Is Jason. The craft lurches and they're thrown towards the walls. Where they're pinned in a stasis field. And lowered onto resin plastic. From the hexagonal chamber.

DR-WHO Ah look, it seems we've captured the Queen's henchmen. You can either join us or accept our judgment.

PC CALEB WEST And what are you going to do with us?

DR WHO Oh, I'm prepared to let you go.

The cat pads into the hexagonal room and jumps up onto the top of the pine Bureau.

POWERPUSS Time for a tea and biscuits for your friends.

JASON Not now, POWERPUSS. We're trying to teach the humans a lesson.

The cat jumps off the Bureau and pads back to the kitchen and his tail flicks up.

POWERPUSS COFFEE-THEN?

JASON On Earth, Powerpuss is owned by Basil, Margaret and Duncan McCrea.....IN-THE-HIGHLANDS-OF-SCOTLAND.

With the sound of bellows and trumpets, the TARDIS materializes. Shimmering into existence in a Forest Grove.

DR WHO extends the status field to the TARDIS doors, WEST and JOHNSON are rejected into a forrest clearing surrounded by tall trees on a plateau below a mountain top.

JASON Touch him and you'll regret it, says Jason, brandishing a Smith and Wesson Colt 45. Pistol.

They hear the sound of trees breaking and a loud screech from a ferocious animal

DR WHO This is England during the Jurassic Age, and if you run over there you'll find early, man. on a hunting party for Brontosaurus.

JASON It sounds like there's a Tyrannosaurus Rex coming this way.

WEST and JOHNSON run from the clearing through the forest large trees splitting and falling under the onslaught of the T Rex.

They run out into grasslands. we're a tribe of men dressed in leopard skins are brandishing Spears. As they run across jumping over sandstone boulders through a river Stream to evade the dinosaur.

A TYRANASAURUS REX emerges from the trees towering over the highest branches ,and advances towards the tribe.

The cavemen dresed in leopard skins take a defensive position near the river bank, thrusting their long Spears towards it.

JOHNSON and WEST reach the other side of the river and run along its banks ,just as a STEGASAURUS emerges from the river and climbs out ,trapping WEST in its powerful arms and biting his head off.

Dr WHO and Jason emerge from the trees nonchalantly as the T Rex swat one of the men that just thrown his spear At it's left leg.

With it's right arm, the TYRANASAURUS REX picks up one of the men and stuffs it in it's mouth.

DR WHO You see, Jason?A rare chance to see humans paying for the crimes of their race.

JASON I'm a card carrying pisscatarian.Only eat fish and vegetables ,though I like a boiled egg In the morning.

The enemies of Dr Who had met their deserved fates. With the sound of bellowing trumpets, the TARDIS shimmered into existence on the Persian rug.In

Jason's scholar bedsip.

JASON Thanks doc and good luck with your continuing fight for justice throughout the Galactic Federation.

TARDIS shimmers out of existence. With a sound of bellowing trumpets. Disturbing The Dirty neck curtains. In the sash windows. And he collapses onto the bed and stares at the words on his manual-typewriter.....

Welch's emotions committee lived happily ever after. In Eastbourne. DO-NOT- DISTURB.

THE END ?